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Naboth's Vinyard:

OR, THE

INNOCENT TRAYTOR:

COPIED from the ORIGINAL

OF

Holy Scripture,

IN

HEROICK VERSE.

By Mr John Carryl in 4th Bowes.



This is a Popish Libell design'd agt yo Judge, & the

Witnesses in the late plot.

Si fractus illabatur Orbis,

Impavidam ferient Ruinae. Hor.

LONDON, Printed for C. R. 1679.

Since Holy Scripture it self is not exempt from being tor-
tur'd and abus'd by the strainings and perversions of
evil men, no great wonder were it, if this small Po-
em (which is but an illustration of a single, yet remarkable
passage thereof) be also subject to the like distortions, and
mis-applications of the over-prying and under-witted of one
side, and of the malicious on the other. But all ingenious
and ingenuous men (to whose divertisement only this Poem
offers it self) will be Garrantees for the Authcr, that neither
any Honourable and just Judge can be thought concern'd in
the Character of Arod; nor any honest and veracious Wit-
ness in that of Malchus: And as by the singular care and
Royal goodness of his Majesty (whom God long preserve) our
Benches in this Nation are furnished with persons of such
eminent Integrity and Ability, that no Character of a cor-
rupt Judge can with the least shadow of resemblance belong to
them, so is it to be wished, that also in all our Courts of Ju-
dicature a proportionable honesty and veracity were to be
found in all Witnesses; that so Justice and Peace might close
in a happy kiss.

Naboth's Vinyard.

FLY hence those *Siren-Charms* of *Wealth and Power*,
 Strong to undo, unable to restore;
 At first they tickle, but at last they smart,
 They please the Pallat, and corrode the Heart:
 To those gay *Idols*, which fond men adore,
 Our *Christian Muse* all *Incense* does abhor:
Idols! (like hungry *Moloch*) whose dire *Food*
 Too often is supply'd by *Humane Blood!*

That precious *Juice* which can, with *Sovereign Balm*,
 The War and Ferment of our Nature calm;
 That can the Anguish of our Minds allay,
 Heal Wounds of Grief, and Storms of *Passion* sway;
 That generous Off-spring of the healing Vine,
 I th' *Muses Temple* may deserve a Shrine.

But, hold, 'tis not the *Wine* of common *draught*,
 Which *Palma* fends, or greedy Merchants *wast*
 From *Rhenish Banks*, or from the *Gascon Shore*,
 T' enrich themselves, and make the Drinkers poor;
 Poor in their wasted 'states, poor in their Mind,
 Who in a *Brutish Club* with Swine are join'd,
 And greatest joy in stupefaction find:
 No, our exalted Taste disdains to feast
 On that dull *Liquor*, which turns *Man* to *Beast*.

It must be nourisht with some spritely *Juice*,
Which does our mortal Frame immortalise;
Defies the Arrows of malicious Fate;
The People's Fury, and the Tricks of State.

Quickly, ah! quickly then, (my Muse) disclose
The happy place, where this true *Nectar* grows.
Is it not *Naboth's Vinyard*? Fame speaks loud
Of thee, but louder of thy Master's *blood*;
That *Hero's Blood*, fed by thy *vital Juice*,
Which did, when flowing in his Veins, despise
The Woman's Craft, the Tyrants Avarice;
The bloody Oaths of perjur'd Assassins;
The Frowns of byas'd Justice, which inclines
The giddy Rabble to their Natural bent,
With tongues, and hands to tear the *Innocent*.

1 Kings
c 20. v. 29
v. 42. *Achab* had conquered *Aram*; but, alas!

His very Conquest his Undoing was:
He soon forgot the Hand, which did bestow
Edge on his Sword, and Lawrel on his Brow.
Proud with the Spoils of the slain *Aramites*,
v. 13. 28. The Power, which gave him Victory, he slights:
v. 34. He *treats*, and *bargains* with his Enemies,
And all the *Covenants* of his Lord defies.
Achab *distrest*, bow'd to his Lord, and pray'd;
Achab *victorious*, proudly disobey'd;
Ungrateful Mortals! whose corrupted Will
Turns Grace to Royson, and makes Blessings kill.
In vain poor Subjects in the Justice trust
Of *Kings*, that to their *Maker* are unjust:

The Heart once tainted with a *Master-Sin*,
All *lesser Crimes* does easily let in.

Poor *Naboth's Vinyard* next lies in his way, Chap. 21.
v. 2.
His covetous Eye had mark'd it for his Prey :
He parly'd first ; but what he could not worm
By *Treaty* from him, he resolv'd to *storm*.

"How (Sir!) can you think worthily your large Soul,
"To crave my spot of Land, my sleeping-hole?"

"(Says *Naboth*) I my self should prize it not,

"Were it not sacred made by *Age* and *Lot* ; v. 3.

"By *Lot* consign'd to my Fore-fathers hand,

"Who first with *Joshua* seiz'd this *Holy Land* :

"'Twere *Sacrilege* in me to give, or sell,

"What to my *Name* by *Heaven's Appointment* fell.

"May *Ahab* his large *Kingdoms* long possess ;

"Let *Naboth* his small *Vinyard* hold in peace.

Ahab was silent, but not satisfy'd ; v. 4.

The covetous Poyson through his Veins did glide :

And what his greedy Eye and Heart devour,

He will extort by an Usurping Power.

So have I seen the towering Falcon rise,

And next to nothing lessen to our Eyes,

Beyond the Call of any Game, or Lure ;

The timorous *Fowl* such distance can endure ;

But ill they measure by their own, the sight,

And sharpness of their Tyrants Appetite :

She sports and plys her Wings i' th' liquid air,

As if she minded Pleasure, and not War :

But when the *Fowl*, betray'd by flattering hopes,

Takes wing, the watchful Foe, as Lightning stoops ;

What

What her *Eye* mark'd, her *Talons* make her own;
As Thunder-struck the *Quarry* tumbles down.

But ill did *Achabs* Eyes, with all their Art,
Cover the secret rancour of his Heart:
The Wound did fester, that his Passion made,
Which soon his Face unwillingly betray'd.

v. 5. First *Jezabel* descry'd his secret pain;
My Lord (she said) can your breast entertain
A Grief or Joy but what I must partake?
O, do not this unkind distinction make.
Shame to reveal, and greater shame to hide,
His Soul from her, his troubled thoughts divide:
At last he pour'd his Grief into the Ear
Of his too kind, and fatal Counseller.

In vain (my Dear) our Scepter does command
From the *North-Sea* to the *Arabian Sand*,
In vain the *Kings* of *Aram* are my *Slaves*;
In vain my *Justice* kills, my *Mercy* saves,
v. 6. If stubborn *Naboth* must his Vinyard hold
In spight of all *Intreaty*, *Power*, and *Gold*;
If a poor Worm of *Israel* proudly dares
v. 6. Resist, not my *Commands*, my very *Prayers*.

Tread on that Rebel Worm (says *Jezabel*)
v. 7. The weight of a Kings Anger let him feel;
Crush him to nothing; that your Subjects may
Be taught by his Example to obey.

Then *Achab* sigh'd, and said, That must not be,
People and Priests would rise in Mutiny:
Too much we hazard for a thing so small;
The *Tyrant-Law*, which *Monarchs* does enthral,

Controuls the Execution of my will,
And makes the Slave bold to resist me still.

At this unmoveable stood *Jezabel*,
Like one fast bound by an Inchanters Spell;
Her flaming Cheeks had Choller's deepest dye;
And like struck Flints sparkled her furious Eye;
Such heaving, and such panting shook her breast,
As if some Spirit had the place possess'd.
Then suddenly she starts with a loud Cry;

If *Law* must do the *Work*, *Naboth* shall dye.
Let not the *Sanhedrim* a *Monarch* awe; v. 7.
He that commands the *Judge*, commands the *Law*.
Law is a poor, dumb thing, which none can hear,
But by the Mouth of an Interpreter:

And in the Peoples mouth, 'tis the old Plea
For Rebels, when their Prince they disobey.
Fear not the *Law*, but by the *Judge* be fear'd;
Else, as the *Pedants* gravely wag their *Beard*,
Kings must of their Prerogatives be stript,
As Children are for breach of Grammar whipt.
Then trust my skill; I'll bring you quick relief,
To heal the wounds of your unseemly Grief:
Both you, and *Naboth*, your just Rights shall have,
You shall possess his *Vineyard*, he his *Grave*, v. 7.

Thus with her oily words she skins his Sore,
But adds new Poyson to the ulcerous Core;
And that false Comfort leaves in *Achabs* mind,
Which Villains in their thriving Mischiefs find,
She summons then her chosen Instruments, v. 8.
Always prepar'd to serve her black Intent;

The chief was *Arold*, whose corrupted youth
 Had made his Soul an Enemy to truth;
 But Nature furnisht him with Parts and wit,
 For bold Attempts, and deep Intriguing fit.
 Small was his Learning; and his Eloquence
 Did please the Rabble, nausate men of fence.
 Bold was his Spirit, nimble and loud his Tongue,
 Which more than *Law*, or *Reason*, takes the Throng.
 Him, part by *Money*, partly by her *Grace*,
 The covetous Queen rais'd to a Judges place:
 And, as he bought his *Place*, he *Justice* sold;
 Weighing his *Causes* not by *Law*, but *Gold*;
 He made the Justice-Seat a common Mart;
 Well skill'd he was in the mysterious Art,
 Of finding *Varnish* for an unsound Cause,
 And for the sound *Imaginary Flaws*.

With him fierce *Jezabel* consults the way
 How she for harmless *Naboth* Snares may lay.
 Madam (says he) you rightly judge the course
 Unsafe, to run him down by open Force.
 In great Designs it is the greatest Art,
 To make the Common People take your part:
 Some words there are, which have a special Charm
 To wind their *Fancies* up to an *Alarm*:
Treason, *Religion*, *Liberty*, are such;
 Like *Clocks* they strike, when on those *Points* you touch;
 If some of these unto his Charge you lay,
 You hit the *Vein* of their *Tarantala*.
 For to say truth, the trick did never fail;
 Loud Calumny with them does still prevail.

I (Madam) of these means no scruple make;
Means from their *End* their Good or Badness take.

Naboth a *Rebel* to his Sovereign's Will,
 By any ways we lawfully may kill.

Whilst thus he pour'd his Venom in her Ear,
 A frightful Joy did in her Face appear:

She said, your faithful Counsel I approve,
 You have chalkt out the way we are to move:

But still you leave untoucht the hardest part,
 Which most requires your Industry and Art;
 Where is the *Crime*? where are the *Witnesses*?

It is my Province (Madam) to find these;
 (Reply'd the Judge) and that our Project may

Take faster hold, let there a *solemn day*,

To seek the Lord by *Fasting* and by *Prayer*,

Be set apart: This will exactly square

With the whole Model of our Work design'd;

This will the People draw *Body* and *Mind*,

To act their *Parts* in *Naboth's Tragedy*;

This builds the Stage, on which the Wretch shall dye.

As Glasses, by the Sun's reflected Ray,

The silly Lark into the Net betray,

So will the People, by the dazling thought

Of Godliness, religiously be caught.

When the Queen saw that her Design would take,
 She with impatient haste the Conference brake;

Of Av'rice and Revenge such is the thirst,

That with the least Delay the Patients burst.

Lose no more time (she cry'd;) with speedy care

Letters and Orders for our Seal prepare,

Such

vs 8.

Such as the Work requires: For 'till I gain
This Point, each Moment is an Age of pain.

Since first for *astling* God proud Angels fell,
Still to *ape* Heaven has been the *Pride* of Hell:
As the bright Spirits always attend his Throne,
And what he wills, they execute as soon:
Our *Fury* so could not conceive the Fact
More nimbly, than her Agent-*Fiend* did act.

Stay, Hell-Hounds, stay! why with such rav'nous speed
Must the dear Blood of *Innocence* be shed?
Blind is your *Haste*, and blinder is your *Rage*;
Hell no successful War 'gainst Heaven can wage:
You shoot at *Naboth*, but *your selves* you wound
With poyson'd Darts, for which no Cure is found:
The Poyson drawn from a remorseless Heart,
Baffles *Divine*, much more all *Humane Art*;
What will your *Rage* effect, but lasting shame,
In this, in the next World Eternal Flame?
With all your subtle Arts of Perjury,
And all the Varnish of your *Bloody Lye*,
To make him Guilty, and you Rightful seem,
Hell for your selves you build, and *Heaven* for him.

Arod had always *Tools* at his Command,
Of a fit *temper* for his *Work* in hand:
But here no Villains of a common size
In Wickedness, or Cunning would suffice:

v. 10. Yet two he found, which did as much exceed
All common Rogues, as common Facts this Deed.
Malchus, a puny Levite, void of sence,
And Grace, but stuff with Noise and Impudence,

Was

Was his prime Tool; so *Venomous* a Brute,
 That every place, he liv'd in, *spued him out*;
 Lyes in his Mouth, and Malice in his Heart,
 By Nature grew, and were improv'd by Art.
 Mischief his pleasure was; and all his Joy,
 To see his *thriving Calumny* destroy
 Those, whom his double Heart, and forked Tongue,
 Surer, than Vipers Teeth, to death had stung.
Python his *Second* was; and his alone;
 For he in Ills no other *First* would own:
 A braver Impudence did Arm this Wight;
 He was a *Russian*, and no *Hypocrite*;
 And with audacious, and loud Villany,
 He did at once *Vertue*, and *Fame* defie.
 These two, though *Malchus* wore the longer *Cloak*,
 Were *evenly pair'd*, and drew in the same *Yoke*.
 No Forresters with keener Appetite
 In running down their hunted Game delight,
 Than these the *Slaughter* of the *Guiltless* view,
 Whom their *Malicious Calumny* pursue.
 This goodly Pair were, by their Teachers Art,
 Fully prepar'd, and tun'd to play their part.

v. 10.

A Fast is then proclaim'd; this serves as *Leaven*
 To raise the People's *Lump* with News from Heaven;
 They in the dark, when bid to seek the Lord,
 Are sure for His, to take the Preachers word;
 These, when they tole their great *DIANA*-Bell,
 Look up to Heaven, and do the works of Hell.
 Always State-Fasts some strange Events portend;
 And often in a Godly Mischief end.

The fair Pretence is, that the Lord may weed
Treason, and *Blasphemy* from *Abraham's Seed*.

Great, and just God! will it be always so?
When thy *Rebellious Creatures* here below
Their black Designs of deepest Mischief frame,
Shall they still stamp on them thy *holy Name*?
Make thee, *All-good*, a Party in their *Ill*!
Thy very *Word* abuse, to break thy *Will*?
By which their *Leaders* draw the *Vulgar* in,
With *harmless Minds*, to perpetrate their *Sin*;
By which the *Just* are by the *Impious* slain,
And *Abel* still is sacrific'd by *Cain*;
How can thy *Justice*, and thy *Thunder* sleep,
When such affronts on thee, and thine, they heap.
How can the *Earth* forbear with open Jaws
To swallow these *Contemners* of thy *Laws*?

Hold, *Muse*! Thy *Zcal* now grows to *Mutiny*;
Thou dost ignobly from thy *Colours* fly:
Under the *Standard*, of the *Cross* we serve,
And from our *Leaders* ways we must not swerve.
By *Form of Law* He did submit to dye,
Accus'd of *Treason*, and of *Blasphemy*;
All-powerful He, without revenge, or strife,
Endur'd the loss of *Honour*, and of *Life*;
This is the way, which he his *Followers* taught,
Which him to *Triumph*, us to *Safety* brought;
Then in this way let us march bravely on,
Which will our *Innocence* with *Glory* Crown;
And let us pity those, whom prosp'rous *Sin*
Harden's, and does on *Earth* their *Hell* begin.

Now

Now comes the Solemn, and the bloody Day,
 In which all *Israel* meets to fast, and pray:
 But Impious is that Fast, and Prayer, which parts
 From Lips polluted, and from hardned Hearts.

In the first rank of *Levites* *Arod* stood,
 Court-favour plac'd him there, not Worth, or Blood.
Naboth amongst the Tribes the foremost Place
 Did with his Riches, Birth, and Vertue grace:
 A man, whose Wealth was the Poor's common stock;
 The Hungry found their Market in his Flock:
 His Justice made all Law-contentions cease;
 He was his Neighbours safeguard, and their Peace.
 The Rich by him were in due bounds contain'd;
 The Poor, if strong, imploy'd; if weak, maintain'd.
 Well had he serv'd his Country, and his King;
 And the best Troops in all their Wars did bring;
 Nor with less bravery did he lead them on,
 Warding his Country's danger with his own.

Scarce were the Rites, and Ceremonies past,
 Which by the Law attend their publick Fast,
 When *Malchus* raising up his hands and Eyes,
 With bended knees, thus to the Judges cries;
 Hear me (great Seed of *Levi*) Hear me all
 (*Israel's* ten Tribes) I for your Mercy call;
 Seal me a Pardon, who too long have been
 A dark Concealer of a *Crying Sin*;
 Heaven does this day my wounded Conscience heal,
 And bids me the hid Blasphemy reveal.
Naboth, stand forth; 'Tis thee, of Impious breach
 Of God's and the Kings Laws, whom I impeach.

At

At this the Tribes a various murmur raise;
 His boldness some abhor'd, and some did praise:
 Some would have *Naboth* by a *Publick Vote*,
 Without more Form, found *Guilty of the Plot*.
 Others the Law alledge, that no Offence,
 Can be judg'd so on single Evidence.
 While thus they waver, *Arod* takes his kiew;
 Our thanks to Heaven in the first place are due,
 (He said) which with such gracious speed prevents
 Our Prayers, and all false Traytors curst Intent.
 Speak (*Malchus*) then, and this Assembly give
 Of the whole *Plot* a perfect *Narrative*:
 And whilst this service you to *Israel* do,
 Know, that we *hear you, and believe you too*.

Malchus applauded thus in publick view,
 Did now almost believe, that he spoke true:
 This arm'd his Face with Brass, his Heart with Steel,
 That he no shame, and no remorse could feel.
 Then he the Story of his Plot at large
 Unfolds, and lays to guiltless *Naboth's* charge;
 How with the *Aramites* he did conspire,
 His Country to invade, the City fire,
 v. 13. The Temple to destroy, the King to kill,
 And the whole Realm with Desolation fill:
 He told, how he himself the *Agent* was,
 In *close Consults* to bring these things to pass;
 Nor did he fail with proper Circumstance
 Of Time, and Place, to garnish his Romance.
 The Priests astonisht are; the People gaze,
 And the dumb Judges horror does amaze.

Then out steps *Python*, and with dextrous Art,
Weaving his Story, seals a Counterpart
To all, that *Malchus* had before depos'd,
And with deep Oaths the Accufation clos'd.

Now on poor *Naboth* all their Eyes were fet,
Some red with Anger, some with Pity wet.
But the fierce Rabble gladly would prevent
His *Tryal*, by an instant *Punishment*.

Whence this unnatural Pleasure to destroy?
From what ill Root grows this malignant Joy?
Beasts worry Beasts, but when their *Hunger* calls;
But Man on Man with a *full Stomach* falls:
'Tis not our Wants of Nature to redress,
That we this Rage to our own Kind exprefs;
But for the *Mischief's* fake we *Pleasure* find;
It lies not in our *Body*, but our *Mind*.
Our Seed receives a double Taint and Stain,
From Rebel *Adam*, and from murd'ring *Cain*.

Naboth, thus charg'd, had need for his defence,
Of all his Courage, and his Innocence:
It was a Tryal of no Vulgar Kind,
To shew th' Heroick temper of his Mind:
But the transparent Brightness of his Soul,
E'en through his Eyes, their Malice did controul,
For his Accusers, when he sternly view'd,
Their *tortur'd looks* their *rack of Conscience* shew'd:
But to his Judges, with a manly grace,
He lowly bow'd, and pleaded thus his Case.

My Lords, by these false Oaths, this bloody Lye,
God and the King are more abus'd, than I;

E

For

For I (poor Worm) weigh nothing in the Scale,
 When their high Wrongs for Reparation call:
 When God's dread Name, when his, and the Kings Laws,
 Are thus blasphem'd, 'tis their, and not my Cause.
Pharoah, Goliath, and that Heathen Brood,
 Less impiously blasphem'd our *Sovereign Good*;
 They believ'd not his *Being*, nor his *Might*,
 And blindly, what they *Nothing* thought, did flight:
 These know him, and him knowingly defie;
 And signing with his awful Name their Lye,
 Make him a *Party* to their *Perjury*.
 Nay, in this horrid Enterprize they do
 Their curst Endeavour to destroy him too;
 For Truth and He in *Essence* so partake,
 That when you *make* him *False*, you him *unmake*.

These Vipers in the Bosom of our Law,
 Will eat it through, its very Heart-strings gnaw;
 For when with artificial Perjury
 They make God's Sacred Name *espouse* their Lye,
 Forthwith that Lye *Omnipotent* becomes,
 And governs all below; it saves, or dooms;
 Disposes of our Honour, Life, and State,
 Gives rule to *Law*, and arbitrates our *Fate*.
 No rage of Famine, Pestilence, or War,
 Can with this *Legal Massacre* compare,
 If perjur'd Villains may a Shelter find,
 To make their *Imodes* thus on Humane Kind,
 Laws, for Chastisement of the Guilty meant,
 Will turn their Points against the Innocent,

(* As Cannons of a newly enter'd Town
From their own Walls the Houses batter down.)

* Port
speaks.

My Lords, if you this Villany endure,
Judges themselves will not be long secure:
And so I leave my Cause in your wise breast,
The *Temple* where *Truth's Oracle* should rest.

Thus *Naboth* spoke, with that undaunted meen,
Which only in *bold Innocence* is seen:
But least the People's Fury should relent,
Arod their calmer thoughts did thus prevent.

Naboth, what you have said in your defence,
Adds to your Guilt, clears not your Innocence;
When the Kings Evidence you perjur'd call,
Know, that your very *Plea* is *Criminal*.
Shall Malefactors with Reproaches tear
Their Fame, who for their King and Country swear?
What Thief, what Felon may not do the same,
To purge themselves, the Witnesses defame?
Against two Oaths, so positive and plain,
All your harranguing Rhetorick is vain.
Should stout *Denying* pass for *Innocence*,
The Court must be as weak as your Defence.
Less Confidence your bloody Crimes behov'd,
So weakly answer'd, and so strongly prov'd.
Is it not doubly sworn, that you conspir'd
With *Aram's* King, this City to have fir'd,
And in that hurry to destroy the King,
And into *Israel Bondage* and *Idols* bring?

Stung with these dire Reproaches, *Naboth* again
Offer'd to speak, but offer'd still in vain;

For

For when the Bench did thus his Guilt proclaim,
 Their Words, like Oyl, inrag'd the People's Flame;
 Who hardly staying till the Sentence past,
 Like hungry Wolves, they rush with furious haste,
 Hurrying poor *Naboth* to a planted Stake,
 Where in his Death their cruel Joy they take.
 Their *Hands* and *Tongues* they equally employ,
 And him with *Stones* and *Calumnies* destroy:
 Some gather Flints, and some the Victim ty'd
 Ready for Sacrifice: He loudly cry'd,
 Heaven blefs the King! And I forgive ye all;
 O! may this Innocent Blood no Vengeance call
 On you, my Brethren——Off'ring more to say,

v. 13. A murdring show'r of Stones took Voice and Life away.

Thus *Naboth* fell---Kind Heaven! so may I fall;
 Rather than stand so high, and Criminal,
 As covetous *Achib*, and his bloody Queen;
 Or serve the *Malice* of such *Lust* and *Spleen*;
 Or judge with *Arod*, or with *Malchus* swear;
 Or with the Rabble oppress Vertue tear.

Naboth! though cast thou art by *Humane Laws*,
 Heaven's Writ of Errour has remov'd thy Cause,
 And judg'd it so, that it shall stand from hence
 A lasting Record of *wrong'd Innocence*.

All to thy Ashes shall their Duty pay,

v. 19. Friends shall their Tears, Foes weep their Blood away;

For lo! the great *Elijah*, Heaven's Envoy,
 Has now surpris'd them in their guilty joy,

v. 18. Caught in the very Fact, and Place, where they
 Rejoice, pluming, and hovering o're the Prey:
 What?

What? have I found you in this Field of Blood, v. 20.
 (For so thy Title to't shall be made good,
 More by thine own, than *Naboth's*) graceless King! v. 19.
 I from thy dreadful Judge thy Sentence bring,
 (Says Heaven's bold Herald.). *Achab* heartless grew;
 And the Queens *Fears* did all her *Pride* subdue,
 At this loud *Thunder-stroke*. Know (wretched Pair)
 (Continues he) The Vultures in the Air, v. 24.
 Wolves in the Field shall be the living Tomb
 Of all that's born from *Jezebel's* curs'd Womb:
 And *Achab's* Seed shall be the *worthy Food*
 Of Birds and Beasts that live by Prey and Blood.
 Thy Race no more shall mix with Human Kind,
 But *nourish* Beasts, and so with them be *join'd*.
 Thou, *Achab*, here in this ill-purchas'd Ground,
 Shalt bleed thy last, from a fresh, mortal wound;
 Mastifs shall lick thy Blood; and it shall be v. 19.
 As sweet to them, as *Naboth's* Blood to thee.
 And thou (curst Woman) *Eve*, and *Serpent* too;
 Cause of thine own, and of thy Husband's woe,
 Thy broken Limbs, and into pieces rent,
 Shall be of Dogs the *Food* and *Excrement*: v. 23.
Low falls thy Body, lower thy *Soul* will sink;
 Thy Memory ever shall remain, and stink. 2 K. c. 9.
v. 33.
 And so he left them Thunder-struck and dumb;
 Stung with their present Guilt, and Fate to come.

